be, it would not, could not, be Mr. Chamberlain, M. Daladier, Lord Halifax, M. Bonnet, drawing a map, devising a Covenant. Their hands would not shape the future, their lips not decree it, their hearts not wish it. They belonged to the past, and with the past must be obliterated; they were dust which a tumultuous wind would scatter.

Their world was passing away—London, that great city. None could revive it, none stay the process of disintegration. Feet treading, found no foothold; arms reaching, no guiding wall or comforting pillar found; mind thinking, nothing grasped. All was dissolving. Lost! lost! in the darkness of change. Chancellor rising, white, so ghostly, announcing expenditure of .£2,400,000,000 a year; rotund First Lord by microphone con-veying echo of an echo, fury already spent; Prime Minister, as young as he felt, proclaiming the resolution of all to defend freedom with all their might now it was endangered; mighty Red Army by Finland delayed, mighty no longer; German broadcasts nightly heard, millions eagerly listening. Lord Haw-Haw so far the war's only discovery. These, too, were shadows. Even money had become a dream; even the ^2,4001,000,000 annually expended was no more than sounds made,, marks written, figures idly traced.

Groping along darkened streets, dimly it was felt thait a way of life was failing, its comfortable familiarity passing away never to reappear. Would these streets ever be lighted again? Would there be other Parliaments after this one, other Arch-

bishops of Canterbury, other occupants of large mansions, other members of clubs seated, pensive, in leather chairs, other riders in Rotten Row and purchasers of what was so alluringly displayed in Regent Street windows? Difficult to project any existing thing into the future, difficult to imagine its continuance.

In such a situation, effort seemed pointless. Tomorrow was mysterious, and each day must be sufficient unto itself. Some spent money lavishly, eager to enjoy its benefits while this yet was possible. Night-clubs flourished; nakedness disported itself; the Cafe Royal still attracted its own, and at labour exchanges